

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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MOTHER

There is no love like a mother's,
'T is the sun that shineth forth;
There is no truth like a mother's,
'T is the star that points the north;
There is no hope like a mother's,
'T is the April in the clod;
There is no trust like a mother's,
'T is the charity of God;
The love and truth, the hope and trust,
That make the mortal more than dust.

—John Jarvis Holden.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS

From Henry VanDyke

To be glad of life, because it gives you the
chance to love and to work and to play and
to look up at the stars; to be contented with
your possessions, but not satisfied with your-
self until you have made the best of them;
to despise nothing in the world except false-
hood and meanness, and to fear nothing ex-
cept cowardice; to be governed by your ad-
miration rather than by your disgusts; to
covet nothing that is your neighbor's except
his kindness of heart and gentleness of
manners; to think seldom of your enemies,
often of your friends, and every day of
Christ; and to spend as much time as you
can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-
of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the
foot-path to peace.

* * * * *

The strength of your life is measured by
the strength of your will. But the strength
of your will is just the strength of the wish
that lies behind it. And the strength of your
wish depends upon the sincerity and earnest-
ness and tenacity with which you fix your
attention upon the things which are really

great and worthy to be loved. This is what
the Apostle means when he says, at the close
of his description of a life which is strong,
and inwardly renewed, and growing in glory,
even in the midst of affliction,—“while we
look not at the things which are seen, but at
the things which are unseen.” It is while we
look that we learn to love. It is by loving
that we learn to seek. And it is in seeking
that we find and are blessed.

* * * * *

The word of Jesus in the mind of one who
does not do the will of Jesus lies like seed-
corn in a mummy's hand. It is only by
dwelling with Him and receiving His char-
acter, His personality so profoundly, so
vitaly that it shall be with us as if, in His
own words, we had partaken of His flesh and
His blood, as if His sacred humanity had
been interwoven with the very fibres of our
heart and pulsed with secret power in all our
veins,—it is thus only that we can be enabled
to see His teaching as it is, and set it forth
with luminous conviction to the souls of men.

* * * * *

There are two sorts of seed sown in our
remembrance by what we call the hand of
fortune, the fruits of which do not wither,
but grow sweeter forever and ever. The
first is the seed of innocent pleasures, re-
ceived in gratitude and enjoyed with good
companions, of which pleasures we never
grow weary of thinking, because they have
enriched our hearts. The second is the seed
of pure and gentle sorrows, borne in submis-
sion and with faithful love, and these also
we never forget, but we come to cherish
them with gladness instead of grief, because
we see them changed into everlasting joys.

* * * * *

On the simplest soul that feels the wonder
and the hidden glory of the universe, on the
child to whom the stars are little windows

into heaven, or the poet to whom

"the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears,"

God looks down with pleasure and approval.
For in such a soul He sees the beginning of
faith, which is able to pass behind the ap-
pearance to the reality, and make its pos-
sessor wise unto everlasting life.

* * * * *

The Christ of the Gospels is bone of our
bone, flesh of our flesh, mind of our mind,
heart of our heart. He is in subjection to
His parents as a child. He grows to man-
hood. His character is unfolded and per-
fected by discipline. He labors for daily
bread, and prays for Divine grace. He
hungers, and thirsts, and sleeps, and rejoices,
and weeps. He is anointed with the Spirit
for His ministry. He is tempted. He is
lonely and disappointed. He asks for in-
formation. He confesses ignorance. He
interprets the facts of nature and life with
a prophetic insight.

* * * * *

The Boy had learned from his mother—
that God who made and ruled all things was
his Father. It was the name she had taught
him to use in his prayers. Not in the great
prayers he learned from the book—the name
there was Adonai, the Lord, the Almighty.
But in the little prayers that he said by
himself it was "my Father!" It made the
Boy feel strangely happy and strong to say
that. The whole world seemed to breathe
and glow around him with an invisible pres-
ence. For such a Father, for the sake of His
love and favor, the Boy felt he could do
anything.

* * * * *

Just to give up, and rest

All on a Love secure,

Out of a world that's hard at the best,

Looking to heaven as sure;

Ever to hope, through cloud and fear,

In darkest night, that the dawn is near;

Just to wait at the Master's feet—

Surely, now, the bitter is sweet.

* * * * *

God is present with His own people in a
sense which belongs to them alone. He is
present by the revelations of His glory.
They have learned to see His face and hear
His voice in the world, so that the stars,
which to other men are silent, speak of His
wisdom to every faithful heart, and the sea
tells of His power, and the fruits and
flowers of earth seem to those who love Him
as if they were offered by His bountiful

hands.

* * * * *

It is one mark of a good friend that he
makes you wish to be at your best while you
are with him. The blessed persons who have
this influence are made in the likeness of
that heavenly Friend whose presence is at
once a stimulus and a help to purity of
heart and nobleness of demeanor.

* * * * *

The day is coming when all shadows shall
depart and light be everywhere. The day is
coming when all rebellion shall cease and
peace be everywhere. The day is coming
when all sorrow shall vanish and joy be
everywhere. The day is coming when all
discord shall be silent, and angels leaning
from the battlements of heaven shall hear
but one word encircling earth with music:—

"All nations shall call Him *blessed*."

* * * * *

It's little I can tell

About the birds in books;

And yet I know them well,

By their music and their looks:

When May comes down the lane,

Her airy lovers throng

To welcome her with song,

And follow in her train:

Each minstrel weaves his part

Into that wild-flowery strain,

And I know them all again

By their echo in my heart.

FAITH CONFIRMED BY NEWLY-DISCOVERED BIBLE MANUSCRIPT

Even a hard-boiled interviewer may con-
fess to a thrill of excitement when he is privi-
leged to gaze upon the oldest manuscript yet
known of the Gospel of St. Luke. This was
my experience when in the awesome seclusion
of the Manuscript Department of the British
Museum.

I was naturally attracted by the sensa-
tional "find" of new Biblical manuscripts,
which Sir Frederic Kenyon, K.C.B., Ex-
Director and Librarian of the British Mu-
seum, has just announced to the world in
the columns of *The Times*, and which has
thrown all students of the text of Holy
Scriptures into a fever of excitement. I
besought a personal interview.

For an hour I had the value and extent of
the new MSS. explained to me, while there
on the table before us, under protecting
glass, lay several leaves, coffee-brown with
age and frayed at the edges, of a portion of
St. Luke's Gospel. I had been reminding

myself, in preparation for seeing him, of the elementary facts of how we got our Bible,—that, of course, we had none of the manuscripts actually written by any of the Old or New Testament writers, but only late copies of them, or rather copies of copies of copies of them; that they were written on Egyptian vegetable papyrus or paper; and again, of course, our versions were translations, and mostly from the Greek.

"First of all, then," said Sir Frederic, "these recently-discovered manuscripts are written on papyrus, which is a writing material used in ancient Greece, and Rome and Egypt, and made from the fibres and stems of a plant that grew in the Nile. It is almost extinct now, except in the Soudan. Out of this a material was manufactured like our modern paper, which, by the way, was not introduced till 1,000 years later. It was known as papyrus, and the Egyptians used it 2,000 years before Christ, till it was superseded by vellum, which was made from the skins of kids and goats. It is pretty certain that the original books of the New Testament were written on papyrus. The ink used was of vegetable, too. Had it been like modern ink, which is of metal, it would have corroded and eaten into the "paper" long ago. The pens used were of wood and cut from reeds. When writing upon vellum the stylus was used, but if used on papyrus it would have pierced holes in it.

In answer to my inquiry as to how the present papyri had come to light, Sir Frederic repeated the substance of what he has already made known: "The discovery consists of a group of Greek papyri acquired by Mr. A. Chester Beatty, the well-known collector of illuminated manuscripts of both Eastern and Western art. A few leaves have become separated from the main collection and have come to light at Michigan University, and in private hands, and as most of the MSS. are incomplete it is possible that other portions of the find are still in existence elsewhere.

"The source of the find has not been disclosed, but it is evident that it must come from the library of a Christian Church or Monastery in Egypt. It would be purchased from some dealer who in his turn had received it as loot from some robbers who would not know its priceless value, but who would sell it for as good a price as they could get, and divide it among themselves.

"So, you see how inestimably important are the results of what one is tempted to call providential accidents."

"Now consider the extent and character or description of our find. Nineteen books of the Bible are represented: Genesis, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Esther, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Ecclesiasticus, all four Gospels, Acts, Romans, Philippians, Colossians, 1 Thessalonians, and Revelation. and in addition there is a substantial portion of the lost Greek Text of the apocryphal Book of Enoch. The amount preserved of each book varies from 44 double-columned leaves of Genesis to a portion of a single leaf of Jeremiah. In all there are 190 leaves, and of these very few have escaped some mutilation.

"Then there is their form, which is both unusual and of great importance. All of these new MSS. are in codices, i.e., they are written in quires, like modern books, and not in rolls, which was the usual formation of literary works, until the fourth century. It has been known for some time that the codex or book form was used by the Christians at a time when pagans still normally adhered to the roll; it is suggested that vellum was, curiously enough, cheaper. But this carries us back to the use of the codex at an earlier date than has previously been known.

"Now as to the all-important question of date—how old these new manuscripts are.

"Among them are the earliest manuscripts of the Greek Bible yet known. The earliest can be given with considerable confidence and assigned to the second century of our era, and not to a very late period in it. Most of them appear to belong to the third century, and one substantially to the fourth."

While Sir Frederic was speaking, and I occasionally stole a glance at the precious brown leaves under the glass on the table, I tried to realize how they take back our knowledge of parts of the New Testament more than a hundred years earlier than any other text, while for portions of the Old Testament they go as much as two hundred years further back than any of the celebrated codices we possess.

But now what was the bearing of these new manuscripts upon our faith and doctrines?

"There is nothing to disturb faith. Faith is confirmed rather than shaken. It increases the confidence of those who thought that our present text was of a much later date. This cannot be much later than the third century and may even be early in it."

—Frank Derry, in *The Gideon*.

Going! Climbing! Building! Creating!
That's fun: that's living. Arriving is the end.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I have been receiving the CHEERFUL LETTER for some time and wish to thank the one who is sending it to me. I enjoy it very much. I will appreciate it if some one will send me some books to read. Am especially anxious to read "Dorothy South" and "The Master of Warlock," by George Cary Eggleston. Shall thank any one who will send me anything to read. Mrs. Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Va.

2. Mrs. J. M. Langston, Route 1, Era, Texas, writes, "It is a joy to read the CHEERFUL LETTER paper and its good sermon. Thanks to the one who sends it. I have five children, ages 3, 8, 12, 15 and 18, and they are all at home with me. I am hoping some one will send me some quilt scraps and reading. The children would like to be remembered, too."

3. It has been quite a while since I have seen my name in the CHEERFUL LETTER and I never hear from anyone. I would be glad to get some reading and patchwork. I have three children in high school and three at

home. They have cut our men so badly we can just get bare necessities. Mrs. J. H. Walker, No. 112, Powellton, W. Va.

4. Hope these few lines will find you all well and enjoying life. There are nine of us in our family and my little 11-year-old sister is sick in bed. Perhaps you can send her some cards to comfort her. My school will be out in three weeks and it would be nice if I could have some quilt scraps to work on this summer. There was an awful storm out here this last Monday night. It blew eight houses and barns down in a little town named Charleston and it killed a little boy and injured twenty-one persons. We didn't sleep any that night because the wind was so heavy and we were so scared. Mama said that the Lord was with us and looked and cared for us that night. Times are hard with us now. We are just poor farmers and have to work real hard in the field. Miss Velma M. Carter, Route 2, Box 41, Riceville, Tenn.

5. Mrs. Emma O. Collins, Box 157, Draper, N. C., wishes a little space in our paper to say she is in delicate health and

that her husband has lost the use of both limbs. She has six children, girls 1, 4 and 8, and boys, ages 11, 14 and 16. She goes on to say that cheer which we think would be most suitable would be appreciated. She mentions stationery.

6. Mrs. Samuel Wright, Bassetts, Va., wishes some sewing material and reading. Her husband has been very ill and it has been impossible to send the children to school this winter.

7. I have not heard from the CHEERFUL LETTER friends since I moved to this town. Perhaps you will remember me as the one who has not walked a step since I was three years old. My sister and I live on a farm with father and mother. Owing to the low price of cotton we were not able to pay our debts this year. I seldom get to go away from home and I get very lonely. I learned to read and write at home and have never attended school a day in my life. I hope some of the folks will send me some books, magazines and embroidery. Mattie Beverage, Route 3, Box 279, Parkdale, Ark.

8. Mrs. J. B. Williams, Route 2, Callaway, Va., hasn't heard from any of the CHEERFUL LETTER friends for some time. She is the mother of nine children, eight boys and one girl, four of them living at home. She is anxious for cheer to pass away the lonesome days.

9. I wonder if I have been forgotten. You were so kind to me and my family and how the children passed several lovely hours with the stories and pictures you sent. Mary, aged 8, is large enough to sew now and some pieces of cloth would make her very happy. John, Jr., aged 5, would enjoy anything to play with. We are very poor and sometimes it is hard to make both ends meet. My husband is willing to work if he can get a job, but work and money are hard to get just now. You have been so good to us, I hate to ask for anything for myself, but I wouldn't refuse any reading. Mrs. M. E. R. Blevins, Sturgills, N. C.

10. Mrs. E. D. Tyson, Lock Box 222, Ansonville, N. C., has had a very hard winter with sickness and her husband is out of a job. She hopes she will be remembered this spring and any kindness shown to her children will be welcomed, such as pictures and story books. Her paralyzed 18-year-old son wishes reading.

11. My dear CHEERFUL LETTER friends. I wish to thank those who have sent me cheer. Life has been very lonely since I had to give up my husband more than a

year ago. I have to work very hard to support my children. If it is not asking too much I would like some quilt pieces and thread of any kind. Mrs. H. A. Aldridge, Route 2, Norwood, N. C.

12. Mrs. Earl Coffey, Route 2, Sandidges, Va., looks forward to receiving some reading for her husband and sewing material for herself. She says times are awful hard right now and any kind of cheer will be helpful.

13. It has been several years since I have written to my CHEERFUL LETTER friends and many things have happened. I have lost the address of all except two and I want to thank them all for their wonderful kindness to us. My husband has been sick for fourteen months and the doctor says he will never get better. I can hardly go with anemia and other troubles. So we would appreciate cheer from any one in the way of books and scraps or anything for the seven children, ages 17 to 4 years, four girls and three boys. Thank you all. Mrs. Walter Johnson, Peach Bottom, Pa., R. D. No. 2.

14. Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine, is anxious to receive some sweet pea and nasturtium seeds.

15. Will you please print this for me? I am a farmer's wife, 22 years old and the mother of two little boys, ages 5 and 2 and a little girl, one month. My parents are dead so my eight-year-old sister is with us. I want to thank the CHEERFUL LETTER friends for past favors and hope they won't forget us this spring. The children love scrapbooks and stories. Mrs. Olean Walker, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas.

16. Mrs. Fred Forrester, P. O. Box 139, Roswell, New Mexico, sends a request for papers and magazines of any kind.

17. Mrs. Annie J. Brawn, Stoneville, N. C., will be very grateful for some reading.

18. I am almost a shut in from arthritis. My chief work is sewing and embroidery, my recreation reading. Cannot earn a cent now so have no money for reading. Do not care for any more books but would love to have the "American Magazine" and the "Women's Home Companion." Thanks for your kindness and I shall remember you all in my prayers. Cora A. Hoskinson, 936 N. Union St., Decatur, Ill.

19. Mrs. Emma Williams, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 121a, Marshville, N. C., hasn't had a letter printed for two years and asks for some popular magazines and Needlecraft magazines. "She will be proud of them," she writes.

20. I will write you a few lines to let you know we have moved and would be glad to hear from some of our old friends. We are now on a rented farm and not doing very well. My three small children would like some pencils and tablets and I could use some sewing material, and good reading would be appreciated by my husband. Mrs. M. L. Rakes, Dodson, Va.

21. Mrs. S. E. Oneal, Route 3, Atkins, Ark., hasn't heard from the CHEERFUL LETTER folks for four years. She especially asks for reading matter for a girl of 12 and sewing material for herself. She is the wife of a preacher.

22. I am so sad and lonely and I do hope some cheer will come my way. Dear grandma passed away in February after an illness of five long years. It doesn't seem like the same home without her. There is a place vacant in our home. The children have been very sick but are some better now. I send thanks for all past cheer and I know you won't forget us in our hours of sorrow. Gratefully yours, Zenna Blevins, Helton, N. C.

23. I used to get lots of good reading from the CHEERFUL LETTER people but it has been sometime since I have had a word from anyone. I certainly appreciate how good you have been to me and would enjoy some more books and papers if not asking too much. Mrs. Agnes Cagle, Route 1, New London, N. C.

24. Murray L. Bryant, R. F. D. No. 1, Martinsville, Va., sends a postcard to let us know that he would like some books and pictures and some quilt scraps for his mother.

DEATH DIDN'T STOP LEE TO

"Oh, sit down, Lee To, sit down. We don't want to hear your Christian doctrines. We'll listen to them some other day."

The words rang out sharply at a tong peace meeting. Immediately Lee To, the peacemaker, was struck dumb. He collapsed to the floor. In a few hours he was dead.

But his last words haunted his hearers, and still haunt those who remember his name—"peace on earth, goodwill among men."

It was in the nationally famous Port Arthur Restaurant in Chinatown, New York. The On Leong Tong were giving a banquet to honor the peace delegates, gathered from cities all over the United States to negotiate

a settlement of the tong wars. Lee To was present, not only in his capacity as president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association and chairman of the peace delegation, but as a Christian man, who seized the opportunity to apply Jesus' teachings to a difficult situation, as he had applied them himself during his lifetime.

But it was not the end of Lee To. His Confucianist daughter caught up his torch and carries it still. The Chinese Christian Center, said to have involved the largest real-estate deal consummated in Chinatown, is under way, and is dedicated to his memory.

It is the fulfilment of Lee To's dream.

The dramatic story is told in *The Baptist* by Mrs. Jean Wolcott Piper, who is editor of the English section of *The Japanese American* and a contributor to many newspapers and magazines, particularly on subjects relating to the Far East. It is the story of a man who "had lived out, to the best of his knowledge, the love of God among men—the God of all races."

While Lee To was helping his fellow men, his brilliant daughter, we read, studied at Columbia University, where she graduated with honors while still very young. Later she earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The center of a coterie of talented classmates, she found little to interest her in Chinatown. But, writes Mrs. Piper:

"Hardly had he gone, when, like a flash, this imaginative girl, whose spirit had hovered, a lambent flame, between her gay comrades and the father she adored in a Chinatown tenement, suddenly shot forward, and laid hold of her father's work.

"The pattern of his life stood out before her like an exquisite tapestry, unfinished. She was at once elected director of the Chinese Christian Center.

"One day Mabel Lee hopes to have sufficient money to erect a model Community Center. Early and late, in all kinds of weather, she has toiled to make the present accomplishment possible, besides earning her daily bread.

"When night folds silently down in the roar of traffic over the Bowery, you may see her wending her way—so blithely too she goes, a mere slip of a girl, with a gay laugh, and a lift in her step—to climb those steep, crooked stairs in the Morning Star Mission, at the elbow of crooked, little Doyer Street.

"For Lee To still lives."

—From *The Literary Digest*.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.

MAKING CRIPPLED CHILDREN WORTH MORE THAN SOUND ONES

She was a pretty girl, more than pretty—radiant. Shining eyes—that sort of thing. She was sitting by a sunny window in Massachusetts Hospital School out in Canton, typewriting. One cannot spend five minutes within the limits of this institution without seeing plenty of smiles and grins and other visible signs of joy—the fact that all the children there are crippled or deformed in some way seems to have little power to interfere with their happiness. So seeing a happy girl using a typewriter would not have been so noticeable if the typewriter had not been on the floor. But it was, and the girl was working it nimbly with her toes. Took out the paper, rolled in another sheet, pushed over the carriage, typed the letter. The typing was perfect, and each letter was exactly the same color—about as even a piece of work as I have seen. The drapery of her blouse rather obscured the fact that she had no arms. Later they showed me some of her sewing, which was being sent to Springfield to the fair—drawn work, fine embroidery, weaving. All done with those same facile and highly trained toes.

Naturally she was happy. A victory like hers must give an inner glory. You did not dream of feeling sorry for her—it would be impertinent. She was quite remote for any need for sympathy, for she was, in a spiritual sense, sitting on top of the world.

This is the sort of thing one learns to expect at the Hospital School. It is an institution which tends to confirm a sometimes wavering "faith in Massachusetts." A State which can run a place like this, and keep it out of politics, and support it without pinching, must be a credit to our citizenship!

They call it the hospital-school, but they like to have the school part emphasized—a school it is, with a hospital for those who need it. About 300 children and young people—infancy to twenty-one—are being cared for there; most of them are of school age. Graduation from the eighth grade admits them to any public high school in the State. They are taught in charming little school rooms that have doors sliding away so the children are practically out-of-doors in good weather.

Smooth concrete walks from several directions connect with the school. One goes over a graceful covered viaduct or bridge. Others go to dormitories or cottages. None

of them has steps or difficult grades, so that wheelchairs and crutches can navigate them easily. Most of the cottages are bungalows, so the youngsters have no stairs to bother with.

Nearly a hundred and seventy acres of rolling fields and woods surround the school, on a high tableland overlooking the pretty waters of Reservoir Pond—which isn't a reservoir at all and so can be used for swimming and boating quite ad lib.

Swimming and boating—for crippled children? Yes, sir—swimming and boating, and diving, and racing—and that isn't half of it. Their baseball team plays all the grade schools in the neighborhood and quite often beats them. One wonderful team has gone into history, and there may never be another like it—or again, there may, or even better. The pitcher had to sit on the ground, for the simple reason that he couldn't stand. But he was an excellent pitcher. A chap on two skeleton steel legs batted—he balanced himself rhythmically at every stroke. A boy with one arm but two good legs did the running for him. Every boy on the team did what he could do best, and did it with a joy that no ordinary boy could possibly feel. For added to the fun of the game was the realization that, no matter what your handicap, you could play a regular game and be a regular sport among sports. In other words, that terrible bugaboo of inferiority that besets the mind of the handicapped was lifted. The school orchestra often plays for village "functions."

Dr. John E. Fish, the superintendent of the school since it started over twenty years ago, explained why he let the boys play ball. It might seem, he said, that the condition of a certain leg called for rest rather than the amount of exercise the game would necessitate. But that leg is attached to a boy. That boy is white, thin, wan—he is in despair, because he seems to be shut out from the normal life and activities of his fellows. He feels himself a hopeless outsider. It will do that boy more good to get into that game and discover that even if he has a game leg, the rest of him is as good as anybody, than it will do harm to the leg. The boy will have started to recover. He is so much more important than his leg, more important to himself, more important to society. The leg gets a fair show, of course, and is cured if it is curable. But the point is, that Dr. Fish emphasizes the supreme importance of the boy's mental attitude.

A couple of hours in the classroom a day,

with the right kind of teaching, are enough to keep the youngsters up with their grades. Then there are all sorts of things to do. A group of seventh grade girls were making dresses for each other—a sunny sewing room with a sunny sewing teacher and a flower bed clutter of gay prints. Several boys were making play shoes and moccasins in the cobbling shop—all for folks in the school. Sometimes one little shoe has to have a high sole put onto it, but don't you dare to pity its wearer! He doesn't want your pity; in fact, he is quite likely to turn around and pity you for not having had a chance to go to such a grand school.

Boys with a mechanical turn help with the farm machinery and the cars. Those who like farming better naturally cluster around the jolly ex-cowboy who runs that part of the establishment. They do it, whatever it is they do, because they want to, and that accounts for the concentration devoted to the various tasks, which gets results better and quicker than we are used to considering normal.

In the business class, where the girl was typing with her toes, they had just placed a girl who had achieved a speed of 140 words a minute in shorthand, at the end of her first year's instruction, an hour and a half a day for shorthand and typing and incidental subjects. Several had reached 120 words on new material.

Of course there are required subjects. Every girl who is physically able to do so learns housework. They live in cottages, with a house-mother in each, in small enough groups so they can do all the work themselves. When they graduate from the school, each girl can make and mend her own clothes, and she can wash and iron them. She can cook, including making bread and cake, and knows how to plan her meals. Of course she knows how to run a house. Some of the girls "go into service," as the fine old phrase has it, and others marry and have homes of their own. Others are mighty useful at home.

The policy of the school is based on the understanding of the psychology of the crippled and handicapped child attained by the late Dr. E. H. Bradford, who perhaps did more to inspire the founding of the institution than anyone else, with his fine, ripe philosophy of life and his love for children, and by Dr. Fish, who has caught the vision and translated it into action. "The problem of the crippled mind," it all comes down to, "is more important and more difficult of

solution than even the crippled body."

No child is admitted unless he is certified bright enough to enter the public schools. It is the attitude which he has towards himself which is his real handicap, rather than the empty sleeve or the frail leg or the twisted back. At home he was at a constant disadvantage. He couldn't play with the other boys, and came to think of himself as inferior to them in every way, simply because he couldn't run with them. At home, he was set apart—it was taken for granted he was helpless, and he was waited on and "babied."

In addition, he was so used to having his family and friends pity him that he pitied himself.

When he comes to the school in Canton, things are different. "A game leg is an inconvenience—sure it is. But what has it got to do with you? You're as good as anybody!" He discovers there is a lot of him that isn't leg. Even if he is an extreme case, such a one as we used to hear whispered of during the war as "basket cases," he still has a good head. A boy of this type is fitting himself for college. Another boy, a graduate of the school, spends most of his life in a wheel chair. But he has gone through college, taken several degrees, and is teaching in a university. When he went there, people called him a hopeless little cripple. Outsiders, of course—not the school people. They knew better. They knew all they had to do was to shift the emphasis from the physical to the mental. He may still be, incidentally, a cripple, but he is by no means hopeless, for he is a free man.

One child had arrived at the school so helpless that he wouldn't have considered the possibility of picking up a pin for himself. When I saw him he was driving a yoke of oxen down the road, headed for a distant field, and whistling as any other freckle-faced youngster would whistle. Of course he limped, but what of that?

Where hospital treatment can help it is given, and as good as any to be had.

Miss Ruth Park, who is supervisor of education and also a sort of field worker among the alumni, keeping in touch with those who have gone out of the school, had just heard of the success of one of the boys who had come there in pretty bad shape. He was suffering badly from what had been called a hopeless hip affection. The hospital did its work and in the course of a few years this condition was relieved and ultimately cured. If he had been in an ordinary hos-

pital these would have been lost years. As it was, he kept up in his studies, was put into braces and crutches that enabled him to get around, and was soon numbered among the ex-cowboy's devotees. His interest in farming was so keen that when he finally graduated from the school he was given a job as herdsman in the barn. Here he saved his money and took correspondence courses till a couple of years ago he announced that he was going to agricultural college. Now he has a fine job with a big dairy concern and is going on up.

The teachers always know where the children are, but there is a fine lot of freedom given them. The boys have their camps down in the woods if they want them. If they want a three-hole full-size golf course they lay it out. If they can swim well enough they can take out the trouble-proof rowboats. If they can't have running matches they can have crutch races, which are really thrilling, especially when run on roller skates. Swimming matches, of course. Not long ago the event of the season was won by a boy who was minus both legs. (Sorry for him? Not a bit. Just doubly proud of his courage and success.)

For those leaving the schools and old enough to go to work there is an endowment fund that can be used for constructive help. A bit of capital will help a bright girl set up her own public stenographer's office. A small car will enable a live-wire lad to take a job on the road. Just a little money will help a boy start a poultry farm in a small way, or a market garden.

It is a democratic sort of place, with children from all classes of society. Small State wards without a relative in the world are as carefully taught and tended as the rich man's son who pays his way.

—*The Boston Transcript.*

IGLOO EXPERIENCES THE SOUTH POLE WINTER NIGHT

As winter came, Little America slowly sank beneath the accumulating snows. The planes were trundled into their sunken hangars, and only an inconspicuous bulging in the surface marked their retreats. The rising tide of snow darkened the windows of the shacks, and inside lights burned all the time. Presently the roofs were covered, and nothing marked the presence of men except the spidery radio towers and the slender column of the smoke that rose from the hidden chimney of the Mess House.

Little America became a submerged village, connected by an intricate system of snow tunnels. Igloo, seeking diversion and exercise, found that it was possible to make the rounds of nearly all the many huts and scientific stations without once venturing to the surface. It was a strange buried world in which he lived, entirely foreign to his previous experience, and its alien characteristics were often puzzling to him. A topsy-turvy place, he thought.

The sun, meanwhile, was dropping lower in the heavens. . . . With a shower of golden spears it desperately stayed the approach of the crawling twilight legions of the winter night.

For days the most delicate colors burned and waned in the heavens. Like a gentle rain, they dripped upon the snow terraces of the Barrier, awakening in them an echoing radiance that was no less delicate and lovely. Blue and sparkling were the cliffs of the Bay of Whales. Coral and mauve were the immobile clouds. Lilac were the shadows of the ridges. Pale green was the velvet sheen of the inlet. And in the pool of gold that was the Bay of Whales a solitary iceberg glittered and burned with the ardor of a billion gems from Kimberley.

It was, therefore, a world that was warm and burning with color: but the warmth and the burning, Igloo found, were illusory. . . .

The reason for the unreasonable shortening of the days he discovered presently. On April 17, two days ahead of its scheduled departure, the sun saluted the camp and disappeared as if the horizon had swallowed it. A flaming disc, it rolled around the northern horizon and slowly sank from view. Where it lay, a shower of green and yellow light suffused the sky. Then even this was gone. The twilight legions of the winter night pressed exultingly across the horizon and took possession of the field. . . .

No thoughtful person will doubt the story that Igloo was for a long time puzzled by the phenomenon of the winter night. It is said that on a number of occasions he was seen at the entrance of the tunnel leading to the Administration Building, scanning the sullen sky for a hint of the sun. To the Midnight Sun he had become accustomed. Perhaps that is why he felt its absence so keenly.

From "Igloo," by Jane Brevoort Walden.

The advice of Charles Dickens to an assembly of schoolboys was, "Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it."

A POET'S CREED

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy
spirit, and live out thy life as the
light. —*Swinburne.*

A CHILD'S PLACE

A mother was talking earnestly with her two sons one day about their college work. The younger sister, who was playing near at hand, was apparently trying to understand the conversation, although she did not interrupt. Finally she said, with a rueful smile, "Mother, I'm the only one in this family who isn't important!"

When asked what she meant, she explained that Daddy's business and Mother's music were important and often talked about, and the boys' college life was always interesting, but that she was only a little girl who couldn't do much of anything.

Of course, the wise mother explained what an important place in the family was held by the only daughter, and she lovingly showed the child that her way of filling her own place in the home could be of great value to them all.

We hear many times of the precocious child and of the boys and girls who attract perhaps too much attention to themselves. Sometimes in the same family, however, the younger child, or the one less brilliant than the others, is unconsciously neglected until he is timid and diffident when later he has the opportunity to fill a larger place. Perhaps it is hardly even neglect in most cases, but rather a lack of emphasis on a child's best points and finest qualities.

"I like to have you help me serve my guests," said one mother to a younger daughter, "because you do it so quietly and graciously."

The rather diffident girl after that never envied her older sisters the attention they received for more spectacular talents. She had her own place; her mother depended on her, and the child grew rapidly into a graceful and charming little hostess.

It is perfectly natural for children to want to feel that they have their own place in the home. We take away their self-respect and independence when we belittle this feeling. Neither does this mean that they

must become overimportant to the point of rudeness or conceit. Every child has some especially good trait, a little grace of manner, a particular charm which may contribute to the happiness of the whole family if it is rightly noticed and judiciously praised.

If his eager spirit is not to be dulled by unwise criticism or his development overshadowed by stronger personalities, the younger child and the less vocal one must be given his rightful place and allowed to take pleasure and pride in it. Every such child may be lovingly shown that it takes each golden link to make the perfect shining chain of family life.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

IF I HAD A BOY

If I had a boy, I would say to him, "Son, Be fair and be square in the race you must run.

Be brave if you lose and be meek if you win. Be better and nobler than I've ever been. Be honest and fearless in all that you do. And honor the name I have given to you."

If I had a boy, I would want him to know We reap in this life just about as we sow, And we get what we earn, be it little or great.

Regardless of luck and regardless of fate. I would teach him and show him the best that I could That it pays to be honest and upright and good.

I would make him a pal and a partner of mine, And show him the things in this world that are fine.

I would show him the things that are wicked and bad.

For I figure this knowledge should come from his Dad.

I would walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too, And to all of my promises strive to be true.

We would grow up together and I'd be a boy,

And share in his trouble and share in his joy. We would work out problems together and then

We would both lay out our plans when we both would be men.

And oh, what a wonderful joy it would be No pleasure in life could be greater to me.

— *Unknown.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

LUCILLE'S AMBER BEADS

"Mother!" said Lucille, "do look at these lovely amber beads which Uncle Jack brought me from Russia. He bought them in a market-place, and they are very old. Who knows? Perhaps they belonged to a Russian princess who is no longer a princess but must work for a living like other folks."

"They are certainly beautiful, dear. Jack, you shouldn't have bought Lucille such a costly present."

"Well, I didn't pay very much for them, but no doubt they were worth a fortune three hundred years ago."

Lucille opened her eyes.

"Three hundred years!"

"Don't you know that amber was considered very precious when Homer wrote the *Odyssey*? He speaks of a gold necklace hung with bits of amber! a queen's necklace, and the 'bits of amber' were precious as jewels. The Greeks called it 'electrum,' and so did the Romans. Pliny wrote, 'The price of a small figure in it exceeds that of a living healthy slave,' and at one time it took the place of gold, as money."

Lucille looked at the beads with new interest, fingering their satiny polish.

"There's a speck in one of them, Uncle Jack. It looks like a tiny fly."

"It is a fly. Isn't that curious? Probably that fly lived ages ago and got caught in the resin and imprisoned. Poets have sung about such things. Herrick composed a poem 'On a Fly Buried in Amber' and says,

"I saw a fly within a beade

Of amber clearly buried."

"My! that's wonderful. I'm glad there's a fly in one of my beads, but how did he get there?"

"Because," began Mother, reading from a small book—

"A drop of amber, from a poplar plant,
Fell unexpected, and embalmed an ant;
The little insect we so much condemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem."

"A gem—so is my tiny fly. But, Uncle Jack, how *did* he get into the bead?"

"It was this way. A long time ago, between Germany and Scandinavia, there were huge pine forests. In the passage of centuries, these trees were covered with water, died and turned into stone. There was a resin or gum of a peculiar kind which oozed from the pines when they stood tall and

straight, and flowed down to the roots, where it, too, hardened. Of course, if there were any bees or flies or ants around, they just naturally got caught in the gum, like your fly, Lucille."

"The Baltic is sometimes called the Amber Sea, because it washes up on the shore of North Germany bits of the precious, petrified gum," Mother contributed.

"It isn't all the color of these reddish-brown beads, Lucille. Amber ranges from light straw yellow to deep orange; very beautiful bits have been found in Sicily, almost purple in color."

"I'm glad to know what strange beads these are. Come, little fly in amber that is so very old, let us go and show ourselves to Jane. A Russian princess wore you around her neck once. I wonder where she is now."

"I wonder," said Uncle Jack.

—By courtesy of *The Beacon*.

MOTHERS

Our mothers have the sweetest smiles,

Their hands are lovely, too,

Perhaps not always soft and white,

But everything they do

Is done in such a lovely way:

Smoothing one's hair—one's cheek!

They sing and dust and mend and cook

And keep one sweet and neat.

Their voices have a pretty sound,

A sort of crooning song,

Like singing birds and running streams,

When bedtime comes along;

And as they tuck me closely in,

And say a lovely prayer,

One feels so safe and happy like—

They seem to bring God there!

—L. D. Stearns.

May is lilac here in New England.

May is thrush singing "Sun up!" on a tiptop
ash-tree,

May is white clouds behind pine-trees

Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.

—Amy Lowell.

Hills that lift themselves highest in the darkness will first and most richly catch the glory of the rising sun.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Some folks are born with a complete set of ready-made opinions—And facts don't affect 'em.
—Calvin Coolidge.

HE BEGS NO MORE

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well earned gold;
He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again—
Still cold and hungry as before.
I gave a thought, and through that

Thought of mine
He found himself—
The man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed and crowned with
Blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.
—From the "Persian."

A rooster wandering about the country
came across an ostrich egg. Pushing it with
one foot and then the other, he managed to
roll it back to the hen yard. Calling the hens
together, he said:

"Now girls, I don't mean to complain, but
I just wanted to show you what they are
doing outside."

AND PRAY!

And if today you lived so as to be
In peace with men and with eternity;
If you have borrowed not, but have returned
Favor for favor, and perhaps have earned
A little gladness you can store away—
Just bow your head, my lad; give thanks—
and pray.

—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

Most of all the other beautiful things of
life come by twos and threes, by dozens and
hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets,
rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and
cousins, but only one Mother in the world.

—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Isn't it remarkable how Alice keeps her
age?"

"Yes, she hasn't changed it for ten years."

—Boston Transcript.

When you reach the mountain-top wig-wag
courage to the fellow in the foot-hills.

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